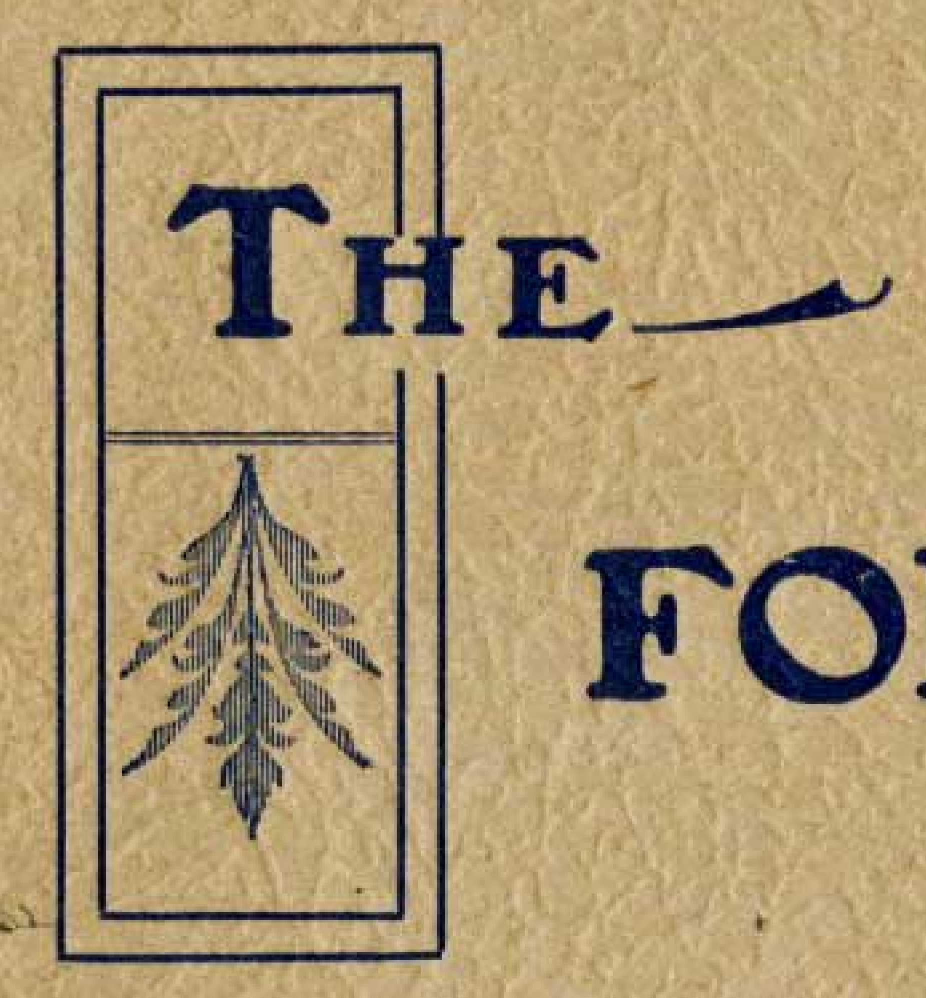


THE FORWARD

JULY, 1931


19 S.J.C. 31

THE FORWARD

EDITED IN THE INTERESTS

of the

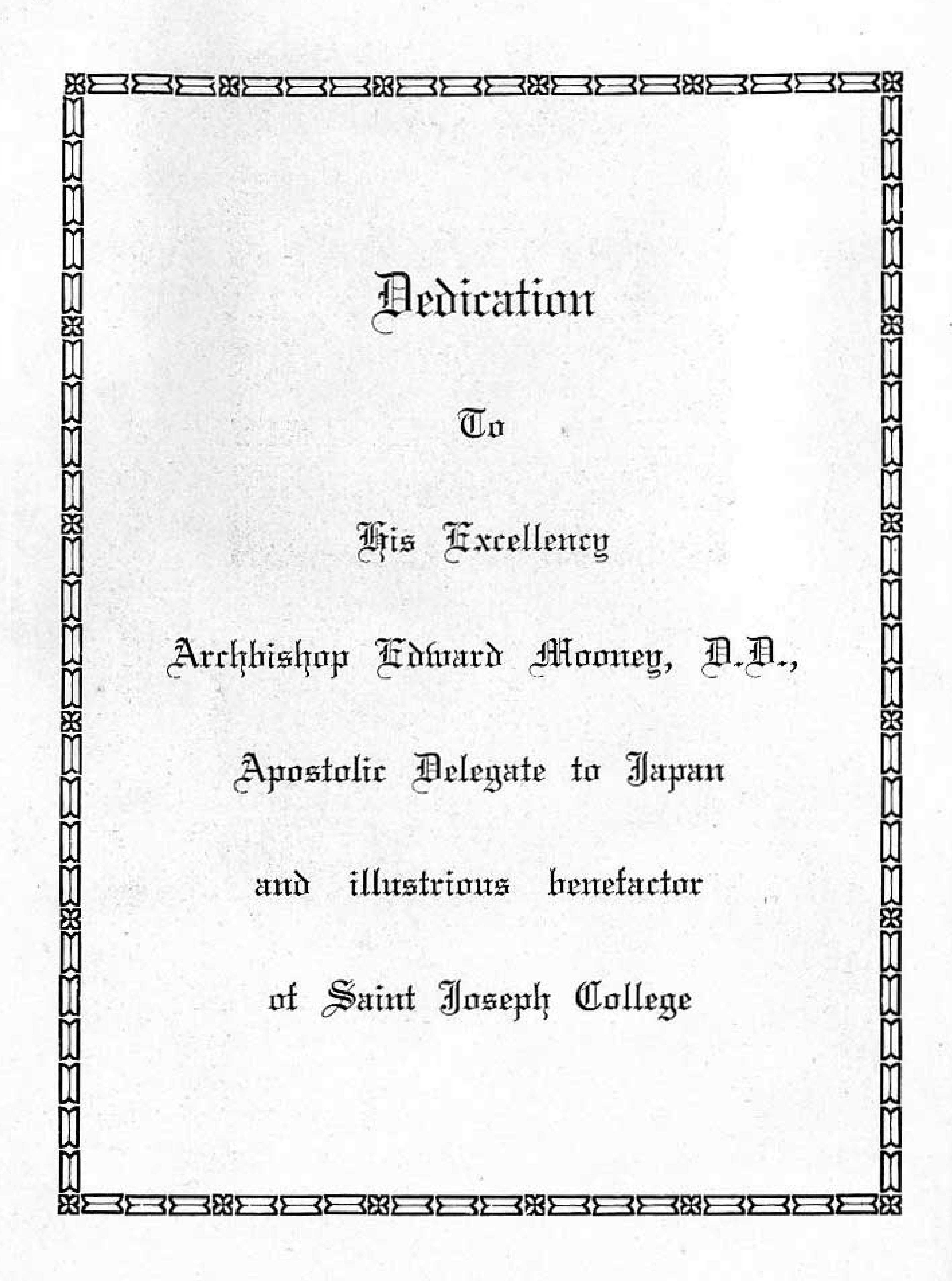
STUDENTS OF ST. JOSEPH COLLEGE



VOLUME X—NUMBER 2

JULY, 1931.

85 Bluff, Yokohama, Japan



Dedication

To

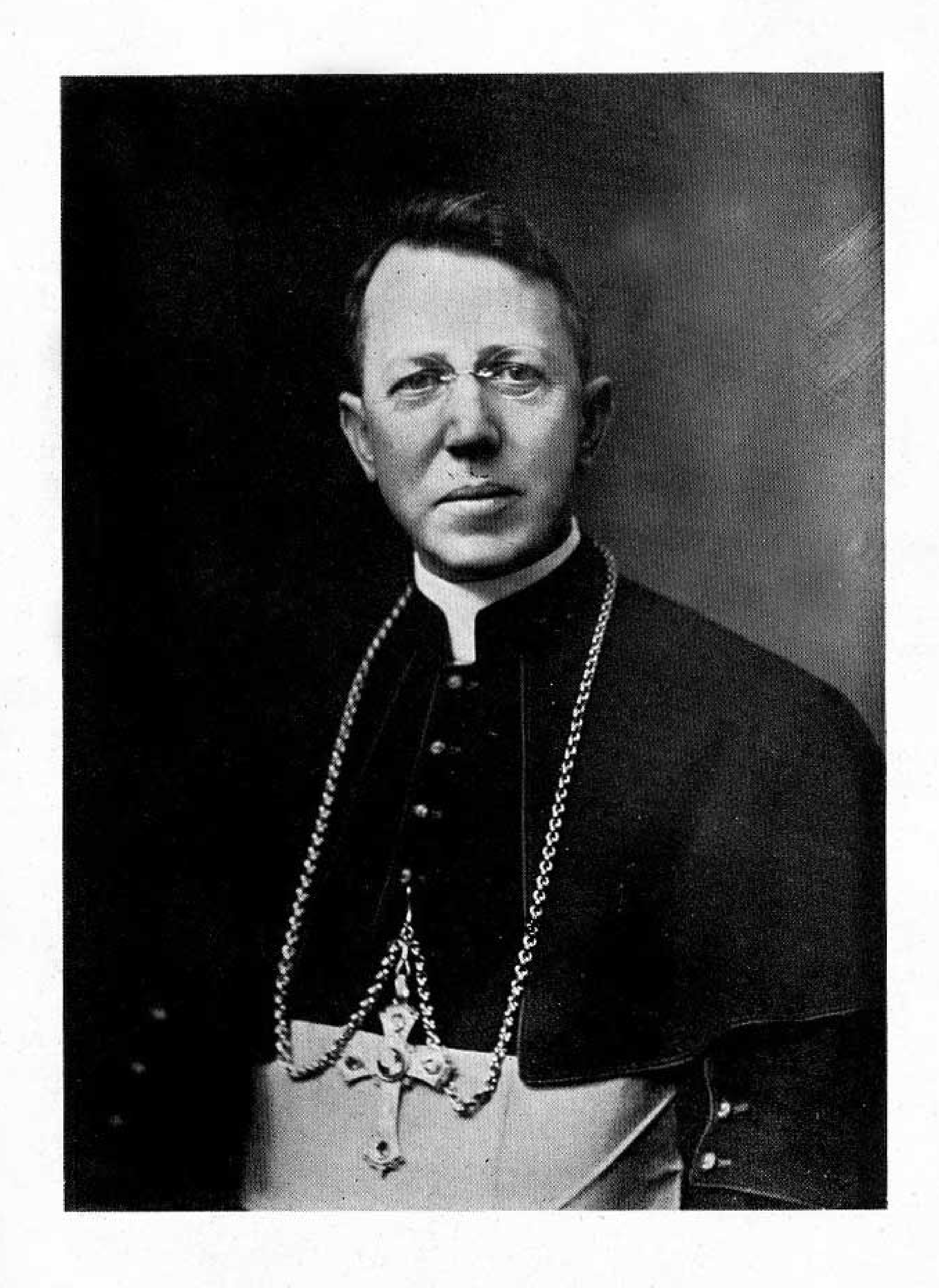
His Excellency

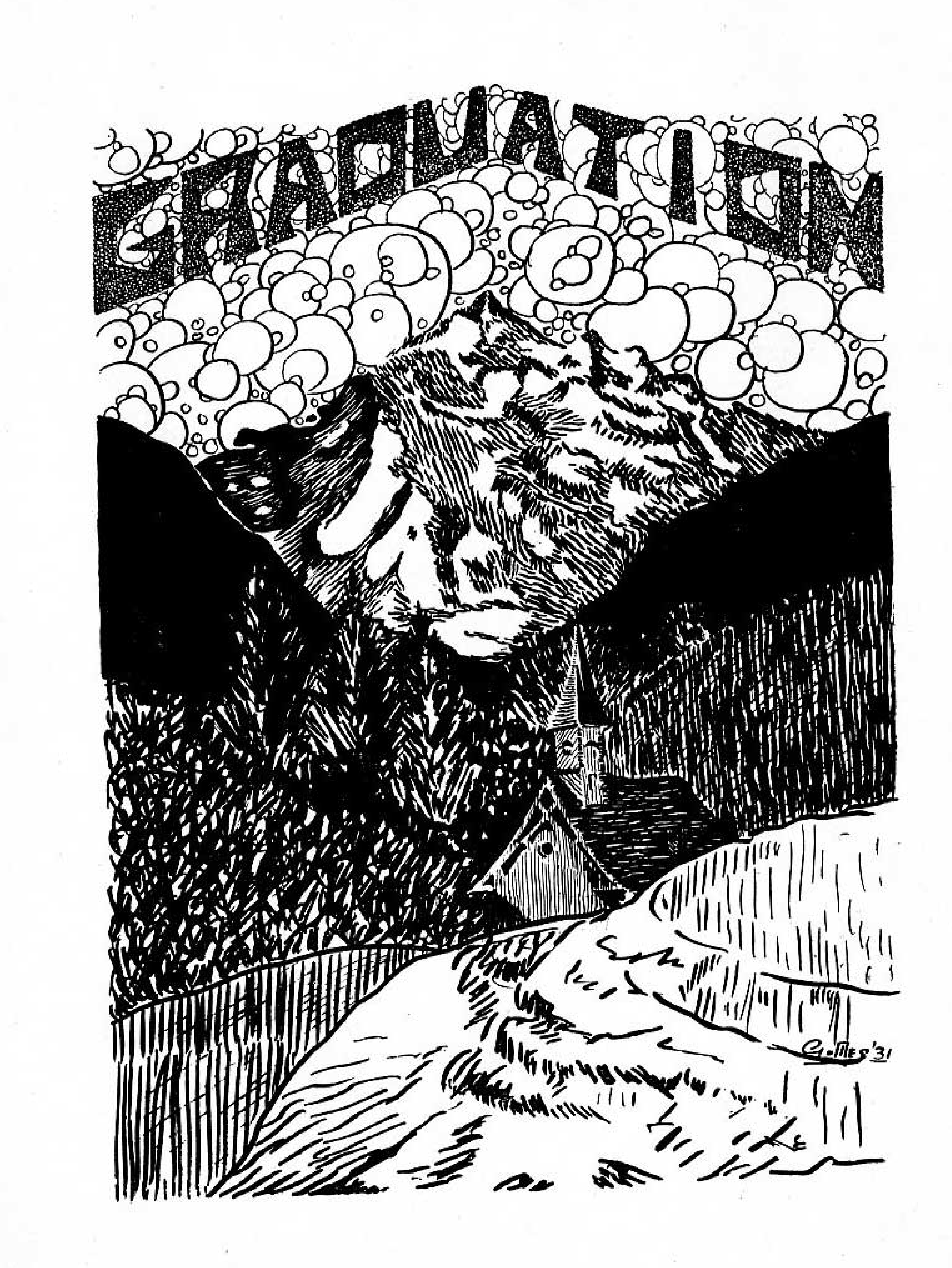
Archbishop Edward Mooney, D.D.,

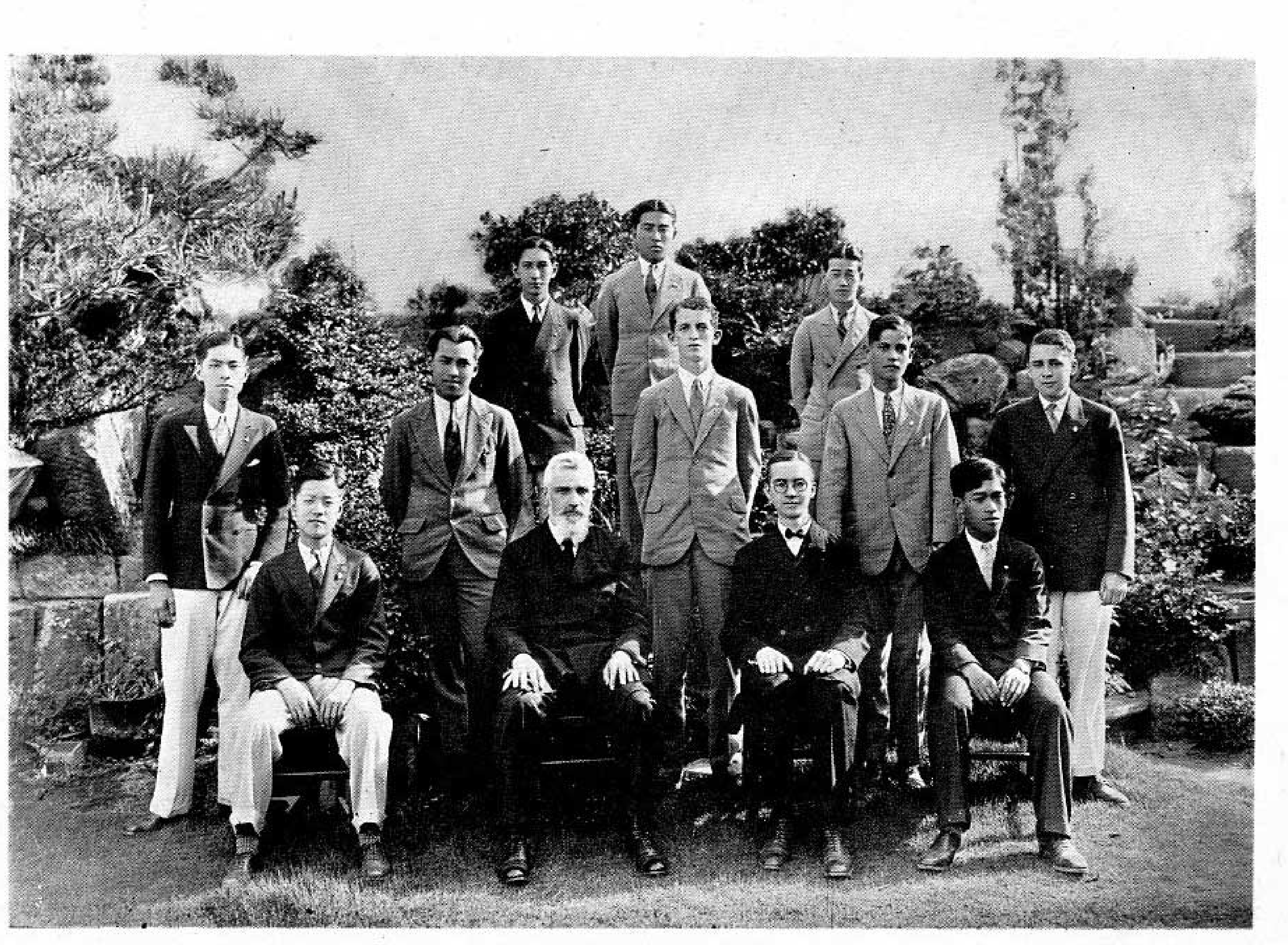
Apostolic Delegate to Japan

and illustrious benefactor

of Saint Joseph College




GRADUATION



GRADUATES OF 1931



Gerald G. Gomes '31

"CICERO"

G. Gomes is certainly not a man of many wasteful words. Indeed, he never speaks the unnecessary.

From this tendency to keep his mouth shut, one might be led to think that Gerald is a taciturn, ill-tempered lad. Nothing is farther removed from the truth. Gerald has the undisputed reputation in the class of having the best control over his temper. Gerald rarely permits himself to use even a harsh word against a schoolmate.

Gerald is popularly known in the College as "Cicero." He gained his nickname because he delights to solve geometric problems in more than one way and to debate with weighty reasons the argument he advances.

Gerald is inclined more to studies than to sports. He says, "I play basketball and baseball, and I swim and pole-vault, not mainly to win any interclass match, but to promote health."

Every morning Gerald's arrival causes a wild rush. The students struggle to be the first one to bid him "Hullo." What more proof do we need that "Cicero" is a favorite?

With his good qualities to aid him, Gerald has a bright future in prospect.



James K. Sawai '31

"ATTA BOY, JIM"

Though the year 1913 has often been proclaimed an unhappy one, since it was then that diplomats tried their best to bring about a War, it proved to be one of the luckiest humanity has ever had, for it was then that our "Atta Boy, Jim" was born.

Southern California it was that Providence picked out to receive a first glimpse of Jimmy. St. Joseph College perceived the radiancy of his smiles at Sumiyoshi in 1924. Having slowly climbed the ladder of success from the third class, Jimmy is now an excellent physicist and typist. He types so fast, that one of his teachers, who had served in the Great War, hearing, one day, Jim's pounding clatter exclaimed: "I hear a machine-gun nearby."

But, however efficient Jim is in the classroom, he is thousand-fold more efficient on the campus. His ability in football earned him captaincy of the team; his control of the "cowhide" made him the pitcher of the school team; and his handling of the pole, his speed in water and on land, and his eye in basketball, all combined to earn the highest tribute an S. J. C. sportsman can receive— Mr. Galstaun's Cup.

Jim possesses one of the sweetest smiles nature ever fashioned. With his smiles and perseverance he is determined to finish a university. "Atta Boy, Jim," luck!



William Raphael Mayers '31

"WILLIE."

Willie, or Bill as he is commonly called, is a cheerful youth of sixteen years. A native of old Yokohama, he began his school career in Mr. Higli's class with great diligence and interest in his studies. This diligence has never abated; and now he is at the top of the class. Studies seem to be his hobby: mathematics, science, anything—he moves with equal freedom among them all.

His chief recreation is reading and country walks. At other times he is smacking the "pill" with a mighty swing (his sobriquet being "Louisville Slugger") on the baseball diamond. His athletic abilities are bodied forth in his slim five-foot nine frame of fast developing muscles and bones.

The loss of his brother last year has left him seriously considering his future. He has now come to realize coolly that he has to face the troubles of this world "on being the eldest child." Shortly after Graduation you will be able to see him in one of the best-known firms in the business district of Yokohama.

Omnia fausta ei optamus!



George A. Beckman '31

"BABE RUTH"

There are innumerable "Babe Ruths." The one of '31 class hails from Dnepropetrovsk, and first dropped into that city in 1914. "Babe Ruth"—a bright comely companion—is one of our most popular classmates. When he first joined S. J. C. (1926) his English was defective but now he is one of the best for English. He surely studied this language. A few years ago the Sophomore class proved to be easy for him; and so he joined the Junior class of 1930 (the present Senior class).

During his favorite hours of mathematics and physics he answers the questions accurately and with lightning speed. He is not very much inclined to sports; but when he does take part in a game he is the center of attraction.

He is very fond of motorcycling, and when he steps on the gas you see nothing but dust. His favorite pastimes are books, tennis, baseball and philately.

After leaving S. J. C. he intends to go to U. S. S. R. and there attend a university. His sole ambition is to become an engineer. The government will surely need "Babe" for the Five Year Plan. He has the honor of being the first Soviet boy to finish S.J.C.

In short he is jovial, good-natured, ambitious; and above all he is the kindest classmate we, the Seniors, have ever met. Best wishes for your future, George!



Kum Pow '31

"NAUSEA"

Kum Pow ought really to have graduated in 1930. A sickness which necessitated a complete rest for a whole year, made him the glorious supernumerary of the '31 class. After his long holiday, it's wonderful how he can concentrate on his studies.

Kum, nicknamed "Nausea," is far from being a sportsman. His only exercise is motorcycling. He surely loves a motorcycle if we may judge from the animated manner in which he defended the cycle in the debate termed, "Are motorcycles more efficient than motorcars?"

Devasting critics call "Nausea" a radio maniac. But he's truly a youthful authority on radio. God knows how many radio sets he has constructed, pulled apart, reconstructed, etc.

"Nausea" is a lover of music. He plays the violin quite well. He says, "I like classical music and jazz, Occidental music and Oriental music." And who will dare to dispute so wide a musical taste?

Kum is somewhat of a linguist. He speaks well and writes well English, Japanese, and Chinese. He's progressing with French and Latin.

The best of fortune to you, Kum Pow!



Alphonse M. Otani '31

Otani is a great mathematician, but he is particularly good at solving geometrical problems. His wonderful patience and will-power make him stick to a problem until he has solved it.

Alphonse is one of the most serviceable boys in our class. Whenever there is something troublesome to be done, he will take the trouble and bear it somewhither where it will be troublesome no more. He is much liked by his class-mates on account of his willingness to do whatsoever others ask of him.

He has distinguished himself as a fast center-half in the S. J. C. soccer team. He is also a clever first baseman of the Senior nine, besides being a sharp-eyed hitter. He often won the game for his class by his timely leaning on the pill.

Alphonse is an able business man; as may be proved by the fact that he has secured the greatest number of advertisements for the "Forward." Since he has chosen to enter the businessworld, we see a grand success awaiting him. He needs but requisition his customary patience and will-power; and success will be his. Per ardua ad aspera, Alphonse!



John G. Hasegawa '31

"HAGE"

Our Johnny specializes in the line of science. Last year, he was a successful student in Chemistry and this year he is ranking among the first three in Physics. Though Goro has no special liking for Latin and French, he can rattle down almost any sentence you ask him to translate. Try him on "rara avis."

As you may notice from his "keen eyes," Johnny's favourite sport is baseball. Hage always has the responsible position either of pitcher or of catcher For "pill-slugging" he has ever been a menace to the outs. Whenever there was a man missing from the S. J. C. basketball quintet, Hage always agreed to "fill in" and often caged the winning points for us.

His hobbies are reading, walking, swimming and taking moderate rides on horses. Often, Johnny has started a stamp collection; but soon he would give it up, repeating his motto—"Too troublesome!"

He is the lone eagle from the Class of '31 to continue his studies in the U. of D. May the best of success be his!



George J. Walker '31

"BAMBOO"

George, our "Bamboo" is a kind, jovial and good-natured friend. He is known by this sobriquet both because of his actual height of 6 feet 1, and also because he is still growing. His joviality is shown in his innumerable "Scotch" jokes which he cracks on the campus as well as in the class-room, "for the amusement of the Seniors," as he says.

Can you guess what his hobby is? It is delightful walks into the woods of the nearby hills. He prides himself on the number of shoes he has worn out by tramping. Every Sunday you can see him starting out for a walk into some secluded mountain with a few of his friends.

"Bamboo" is a hard-working student. On the Forward staff, he holds the position of French editor. Though he is quite a sportsman, he has determined not to take part in games, especially soccer, on account of his growing interest in bookkeeping. Due to this lively interest he stands foremost in this subject. His ambition to become an expert in the army of bookkeepers will, in all likelihood, be realized.

Keep working, George, for we hope in the course of time, to hear of "Bamboo" as the most efficient master-accountant in the city.



Joseph M. Fukuda '31

"LI YOSEPH"

Joseph M. Fukuda, or "Li Yoseph" as he is commonly named, is a youth that brooks no offence. Even if he be not Herculean in strength, he hesitates not to give an upper-cut to an insulter.

Joe's favorite pastime is to practice stenography. He will joyfully spend a whole afternoon taking down the countless letters his reluctant brother reads off. He can undoubtedly take down almost any matter at seventy words a minute, and his transcription is accurate.

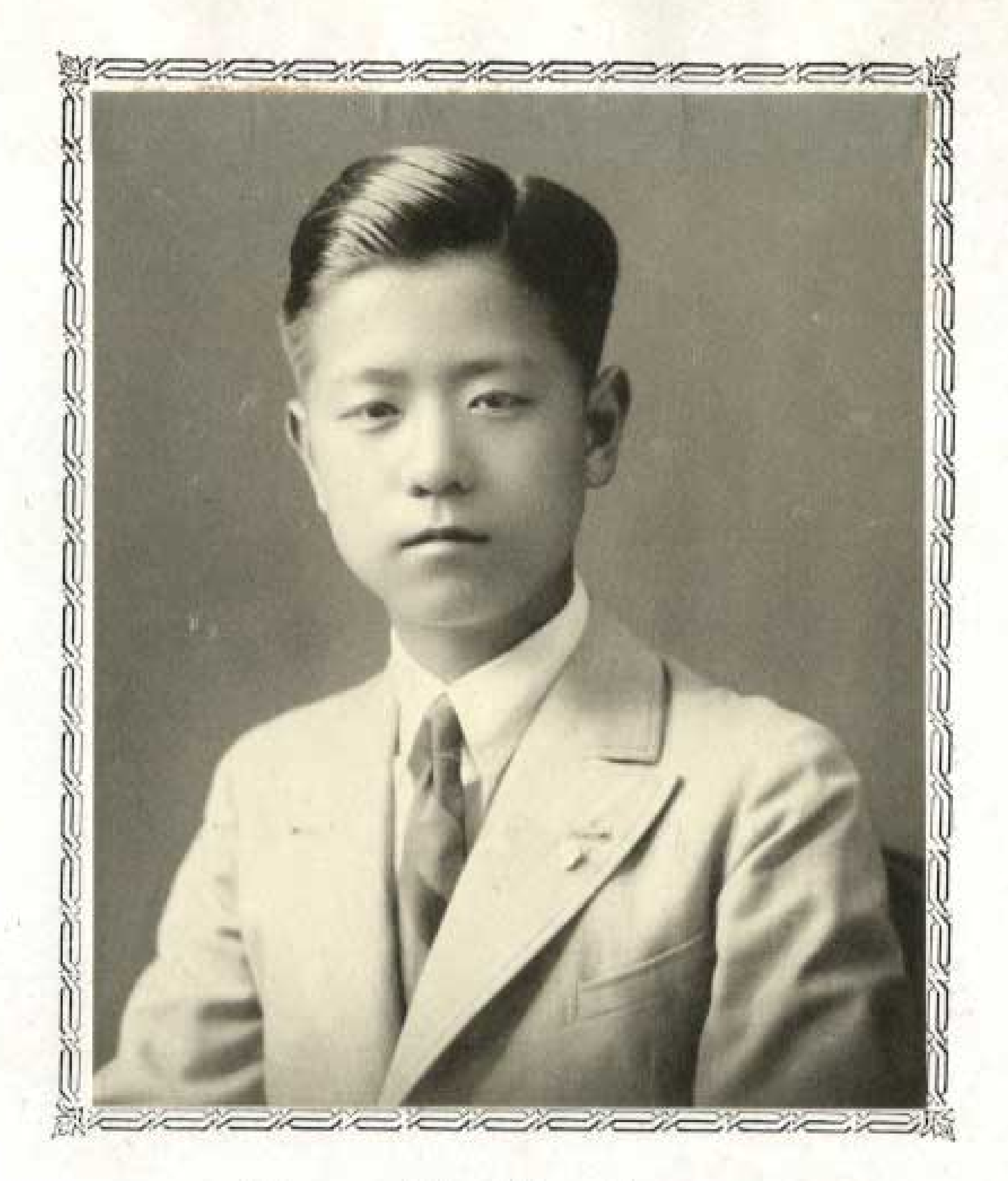
Li is a regular sportsman too. One often sees his slim form flashing across the campus or gamboling in the Yokohama Pool.

He has the record of being the first poetry editor who writes no poetry. But one cannot blame him, since unavoidable circumstances gave him no other alternative.

Latin is surely not Joe's favorite branch. Of that language he says "It's too dry." And dry, indeed, is his attitude towards it.

Joe is a self-trained musician. At home he loves to pluck a ukelele and to pick a mandolin.

Good luck to you, Joe; thou stenographer "in spe."



George K. Yamada '31

"YAMA"

The memorable morning on which "Yama" put in his natal appearance, must have been wreathed in smiles for "Yama," having caught its delightful contagion, has been smiling ever since. From abecedarian days with Mr. Higli, down to palmy graduation, he has been smiling his way through thick and thin, always encouraging and always sympathizing with those who think that they have no reason of being happy as he is. For these reasons, "Yama" is an ideal friend for any one to have. Every morning he greets us with a cheerful "'ello," and a merry twinkle of his eyes. "Smile and be happy," seems to be his motto.

"Yama" is a wonder at Trigs and at Mechanical Drawing. But when it comes to shorthand transcription, he is even more than a wonder: his pen flies over his paper at an incredible speed; and when the shorthand is done, he pounces on his typewriter and after a few seconds of "bang-crash-bmmm-ching," he steps forward and presents a neat and accurately transcribed copy! If his ambition is in the line of shorthand and typing, he certainly has great achievements ahead. Our best wishes are with you, "Yama"!

At School-Close

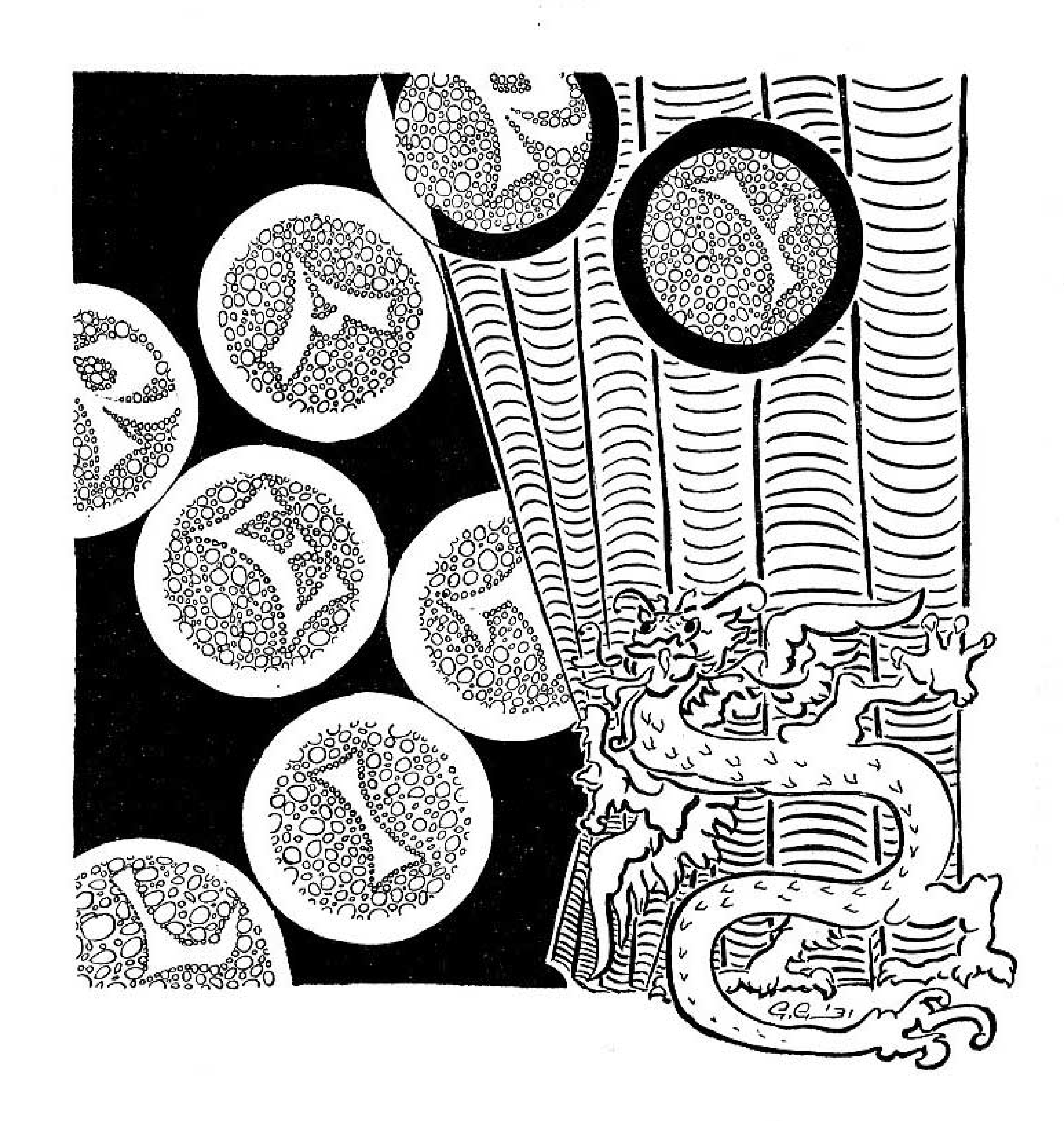
The end has come, as come it must,
    To all things; in these sweet June days
The teacher and the scholar trust
    Their parting feet to separate ways.

They part; but in the years to be
    Shall pleasant memories cling to each
As shells bear inland from the sea
    The murmur of the rhythmic beach.

Give and receive; go forth and bless
    The world that needs the hand and heart
Of Martha's helpful carefulness
No less than Mary's better part.

And, when the world shall link your names
    With gracious lives and manners fine,
The teacher shall assert his claims
    And proudly whisper "These are mine!"

—WHITTIER



The Traitor

William R. Mayers '31

A POWERFUL *tonosama* (lord) of the warm regions of Kiushu had commenced his victorious march. Widespread desolation testified to the merciless hand he had laid upon the independent little lord north of Shimonoseki. This warrior lord, after having resisted à outrance, finally fled with a handful of followers into the mountains, thereby escaping capture. He nursed the hope of mending his lost fortunes with the return of more prosperous days. The *tonosama* fully realized that the people of the newly-conquered country would recognize him as their lawful sovereign only after the death of the fugitive chief was an accomplished fact. The *tonosama* sent expedition after expedition to scour the pine-clad mountains, and to bring back the chief dead or alive; but the warriors who rode out so gallantly were never heard of more. Many guesses at their fate were bruited about the *tonosama's* camp. But the most plausible conjecture was that the warriors, who had not the least idea of the beaten chief's real hiding-place, wandered aimlessly through dark gorges and over barren hills, and "became the food of his *samurais*' swords."

The *tonosama*, infuriated at these repeated failures, organized a giant cavalry corps for a last attempt to "get his man." The corps, headed by the *tonosama* himself, set out from the quiet village of Nishibori early one auspicious morning. The cavalrymen searched the hills the whole day but with no success for their trouble. When the sun had set, the *tonosama* ordered, "Halt and camp." The stars shot out one by one. In a short while kettles steamed, *kome* (rice) boiled, vegetables and fruits appeared, and a little *sake* (wine) made its rounds. The camp feasting was rudely interrupted: about a dozen scouts breezed in, obtruding two luckless prisoners.

The *tonosama* cast a cold, cruel look upon the captives. One was a silver-haired old man, the other, a noble-looking young man. Their features bore a marked resemblance. Evidently the two were blood-relations.

"Who are you?" barked the *tonosama*.

"I am Sankichi Shimura, and this young man is my son, Tokuzo," proudly answered the old man.

Joy surged into the *tonosama's* heart. Why, Shimura was the right-hand man of the fugitive chief. Who would know better of the chief's hiding-place than Shimura?

"You will show me where your chief is hiding," hissed the *tonosama*.

"I will not betray him," firmly said the old man, looking square into his enemy's eyes.

"And that decision also serves for your son?"

"Certainly."

"Oh, well," smiled the *tonosama*, "we will then have to see whether torture will not make you speak and such torture! Sharp bamboos will be pricking the skin, the white-hot blade of *katana* (sword) eating into your feet, and......"

"Stop, I ask you, stop," shrieked the son, who had hitherto been silent. "You are surely not so inhuman as to do such things to my weak, aged father?"

"You'll be wiser in a minute," grinned the *tonosama*. "Here, Nozaki, bring the implements......"

"Wait, wait, wait!" wailed Tokuzo. "I cannot bear to see my father tortured. *Tonosama*, I will lead you to my chief if you promise that my father and I shall be spared."

"I promise!"

"Son, are you mad?" shouted the father. "Will you defile our noble name with such treachery?"

"Father," sobbed the son, "to be a traitor is better than that we both lose our lives."

"Oh, why have I been cursed with such a son?" fumed the father, lifting up his hands to heaven. "I wish you were dead, so that you would be incapable of such shameful unfaithfulness."

"Nozaki, bind the old fool," thundered the *tonosama*. "If this son plays us false, and we're not back within an hour, kill the chattering *jiji* (old fellow)."

Sankichi was gagged, then bound, and cruelly thrown down on the ground. There he lay writhing, as if his hands itched to choke his son. Tokuzo shuddered at the treatment meted out to his father.

"Let's be off at once, rebel son," commanded the *tonosama*. "But I warn you that my shadow, Nozaki, will ride behind you with poised lance, and, at the first suspicious movement, he will pierce you through."

"Be it done to me just as I deserve," mumbled the traitor.

Selecting the best part of his troops, the *tonosama* set forth. Tokuzo, at whose heels clung the formidable Nozaki, led the party. Away rode the presumptive captors at breakneck speed.

Even a keen observer could not have observed that Tokuzo was tense to an extraordinary degree; much as if he were engaged in the most important event of his life. His expressionless face told no tale. On and on, over hill and down dale, through the fitful moonlight, the silent procession hurried.

Suddenly a dark cloud blotted out the moon. A heavy darkness prevailed. No man could see three feet ahead. In the blackness Tokuzo's eyes flashed like those of a wolf with the fire of triumph and the glare of dread. The guard Nozaki suddenly saw Tokuzo's horse drop to its knees, then disappear with its rider. The *tonosama*, in his turn, saw Nozaki's horse collapse and disappear with its rider. So, as the long single file swept by, each man saw the person in front disappear, and he, in his turn, followed suit.

The rising wind chased the dark cloud away. The ghostly moonbeams lighted the land. There were no charging cavalrymen to be seen. Where had they disappeared? Oh, horror of horrors! A gigantic precipice yawned directly in the path just taken by the troops. The young captive, the *tonosama*, the latter's troops, all had plunged down the abyss. Tokuzo, familiar with every inch of the hills, must have known of the awful drop. He had purposely led his enemy to a terrible death. He had committed suicide so that his country might be rid of a tyrant.

From the dark trees bordering the brink of the precipice emerged the hunted chieftain and his handful of followers. The chief solemnly gazed into the bottomless abyss. He slowly unsheathed his hereditary sword, kissed it affectionately, and cried, "Tokuzo, thou young and heroic warrior: thou hast died for a great cause." Tears of compassion streamed down the chief's face.

Suddenly he turned to his followers, and cried, "To the rescue of Tokuzo's father."

The patriots took the little force of men left behind to guard Sankichi Shimura and the camp completely by surprise. Before very long, the remnant of the invading army was massacred. No quarter was asked; none was given.

Soon Sankichi found himself a free man again. He was personally none the worse for his capture except for a few bruises. The chief embraced the old warrior and gave free vent to his emotion.

"My dear followers," said the chief, "we can never realize adequately what a great service Sankichi Shimura and his son Tokuzo have rendered our country. A few hours ago I was a fugitive. To destroy the overwhelming enemy we had to use strategy, not force. Sankichi's heroic plan to sacrifice his son has set us free and made us victors over a cruel foe. Eternal thanks to Sankichi! Eternal honor to Sankichi's hero son!"

The chief turned to the pale old warrior.

"Faithful Sankichi," said the chief, "I humble myself before your great and noble heart. You are twice a hero and the savior of your country. May she remember it for aye!"

"My country before my home," wept the veteran warrior, and fell unconscious upon the blood-soaked earth.

You'll Find What You Look For!

John S. Boyd, '19, Hon. Editor.

JOHN BURROUGHS says, "No one ever found the walking fern who did not have the walking fern in his mind." When one looks for a thing, one keeps the image before one's mind, and one sees it before long. Otherwise it escapes one's notice. The thing is quickly recognised, because the eye is commissioned to find it.

But it does not stop there. When one is interested in a subject, one readily grasps things bearing upon it. The mind as well as the eye "perceives only what it brings with it—the power of perceiving."

This law appears to operate on all planes. The man who is looking for the "bad" side of life, sees nothing but "bad" things, and he groans because there is no good left. The man who seeks the "good" things sees nothing but "good," and fails to understand his brother who is chasing the "bad" things.

If you look for trouble, it will be there, all right. If you look for peace, it will be there, even amidst the stress of modern life. The fellow who is always expecting to be cheated is rarely disappointed. The man who thinks every other man a rogue finds plenty of examples to prove his claim; and just the same, the man who has confidence will find the law operating in his favour even though he is surrounded with difficulties.

If you are looking for anybody to slight you, you will find plenty who will accommodate you. Are you expecting to be used as a human door mat? Well, there are plenty who want to wipe their feet on somebody, and once you have assumed that attitude, you'll receive their feet. Are you entering for a thing, feeling you are going to fail? Well, failure will certainly be there. You'll find what you are looking for.

So now get busy, please, and dig a few of the *GOOD* things up for a change!

Why not make a search for the *good things?* They're lying around waiting to be picked up. Never were there so many opportunities as there are to-day, and if you don't seize your share, somebody else will; make sure of that. But you must make up your mind about the business, and manifest some interest and awareness. Let the world around you talk failure till they get sick of it. The only people who really "gets there" are the people with a kick in them. Even though they don't get all they aim for, they have the satisfaction of having had a cut at things, and they find that's worth knowing.

So, have a try: *you'll get what you look for!*

Bulldog and Setter

John G. Hasegawa '31

MOST people believe that bulldogs are the best fighters of the canine family, but I witnessed a fight which made me question the verity of that belief.

A few years ago, we had a brown English setter called "Sporty." He was a gigantic dog with strong jaws, muscular long neck, wide shoulders and long but firm legs. In spite of his strength, he was a very gentle dog. His brown eyes seemed to smile at everybody, and his long ears dangled like the flaps of a ribbon tied on a little girl's head. His body was slender, and to it his bushy tail added exceptional beauty. Long, glossy, light brown hair covered his body so thickly that his bulging muscles were hidden under this nice shining coat. His character was harmonized with his appearance: I never saw him bully smaller dogs or others out of his class. He walked with a certain self-conscious air, and did not trouble himself much about the challenging barks of others. But if the others would bother him too much, he would just tap them with his bushy tail, or give a murderous glance; usually one such glance was enough to make the prospective trouble-makers slink away with their tails between their legs.

The fight in question occurred one fine spring afternoon, when I was taken out for a stroll by Sporty. I say, "when I was taken out for a stroll" because once this dog had made up his mind, he would pull me to his destination; that was the only time when his master's wishes were neglected.

On this particular afternoon, Sporty had made up his mind to go to the hills, and as soon as we had come out of the gate, he headed straight for his destination. However, before we had gone a few hundred yards, a man with a big bulldog came toward us. This bulldog was an ugly creature. His nose, the central feature of his face, was so up-turned that in foul weather the rain drops might have entered into his head through this natural opening. What looked like two ivory chisels peeped from between his thick, crooked lips; his eyes gleamed maliciously; his ears were cropped and disfigured. A short stubby neck was the connecting link between this ugly face and the flat wide shoulders; his legs were short, fat, and inward-bent. All these things were wrapped up in a coat of greyish-yellow, striped dark-brown, the whole resembling the fur of a tiger.

We were about to pass this ugly animal, when he jumped at Sporty's head. Sporty, on the alert, dodged this unexpected attack cleverly, and gave such a strong bump with his shoulders, that his opponent was sent flying a few feet. Bulldog, however, immediately got up and glared at his adversary. His crisp, short hairs were all standing on edge, and his little eyes gleamed fearfully. Sporty stood calmly but carefully eyeing his dangerous opponent, who, in spite of the first blow, seemed rather more intent on battling it out. They struck attitudes for a minute or two. Suddenly the bulldog sprang at Sporty's head, but again Sporty, like a practised wrestler, slammed him to the ground. This made the bulldog furious; his lips curled, showing a whole line of glittering snow-white teeth. He panted, puffed, and growled; every muscle in him trembled. The next instant, he leapt again, but this time straight for Sporty's neck. Sporty sprang off his long legs, and before his challenger had had time to reach him, smote him down with a powerful blow from his big paw. The battle was on! This time he did not wait for his opponent to right himself; but quick as lightning, he was on the bulldog. The bulldog struggled fiercely; he tried his best to bite Sporty, but in vain. Sporty kept this desperate opponent well under his feet; he bit and bit; bulldog yelped, and gasped for breath like a dying man. Sporty now slowly withdrew his feet, but his opponent had not enough power to get to his feet. Then, apparently satisfied, Sporty came running to me, wagging his tail, for so terrified was I by the sight of this desperate combat, that I had gone back a few yards without knowing.

I at once examined his whole body, but could find not a single wound. When I had finished the examination—during which period Sporty was eyeing with pride, the staggering figure of his antagonist being dragged home by his master—instead of continuing his course, the victor turned homeward, and walked slowly along, wagging his tail and licking my hands as if nothing had happened. Of course, I did not forget to give him a good meal by way of celebrating his brilliant victory over the supposed champion fighter of the canine family.

A SAMURAI to HIS SWORD

William R. Mayers '31

Oft hast thou drunk the hostile swordsmen's blood,
And my salvation proved in fearful wars.
With thy dread aid I won both love and fame;
Know at least one warrior thee adores.
When I receive the clammy kiss of death,
I will my body to repose near yours.

The House with the Ivied Shutters

A. Otani '31

AFTER two hours of laborious climbing, I was on the summit of the abrupt mountain, "Weiser," crowned with turf and firs and with here and there some dingles of fern and wild brush wood. Crossing the little "Waldchen" I saw a peculiar old-fashioned brick edifice thick with ivy.

I rambled slowly along a wide pebbled alley, bordered with rose-bushes, which led to the main entrance of the building. As my eye surveyed the structure I noticed that most of the tall chimneys had been broken. Several gaps might be seen between the roof and the front wall, but particulary did I observe that the twining ivy had sealed the shutters with its verdant foliage.

The heavy oaken door was fastened with a sedulous attention to security, which attention contrasted strongly with the cracked tiles of the roof and the half-broken chimneys. There was a golden name-plate in the middle of this thick pannel. I thought that a wealthy lord of "Deuchland" had owned this mansion but I was quite mistaken—the word "Nature" was clearly inscribed on the plate!

All my way back I wondered what this meant, an antiquated mansion with sealed shutters and "Nature" as its owner. But that evening, by mere accident, I wandered into the Nuremberg Library and lazily took a certain volume from the historical section of the library. I was paging idly when suddenly my attention was arrested by the following entry:

"Veidt, (Count, 1658-1725) the only son to Count and Countess von Veidt, heir to the Veidt Mansion on the White Mountain, was an ardent admirer of nature. He spent his early youth in the University of Prague, taking special interest in the courses on natural history.

Having graduated from the university, he received high honors from both the French and the German governments.

When the Count had attained the age of sixty-five he was forced to retire on account of his health, but he never failed to attend his beloved flowers, going every day from flower to flower to observe the changes the plants had undergone during the previous night.

It was the following year that Count Veidt, now the sole occupant of the house, suddenly took ill. The aged count's condition became critical three days after his confinement to bed.

The lawyers, who were assembled around the death-bed to notarize the count's last will, had become very anxious, for the dying man, overcome by the suddenness of his illness, could not decide who should be the next heir of the vast possessions. All the advices given by the sage lawyers had been utterly rejected. Veidt was so much troubled with the question that he finally dismissed the lawyers early in the evening.

That night, unfortunately, the poor count died. When the lawyers had returned to the mansion the following morning, they were literally discouraged at the suddenness of Veidt's death, and discovering that the count had left no word to the servant of the palatial home, the lawyers could not decide who should be the next occupant of the gorgeous residence.

The next day. however, doctor von U...... discovered a note written in the palm of the dead man's left hand. It was this: "To Nature I leave my domain."

After the funeral services had been over, the shutters were closed, the doors bolted, and the name "NATURE" replaced the one of Count Veidt.

Since then, nobody has taken care of the mansion. Wild flowers grow freely. The ivy has climbed the walls of the building with impunity, and has sealed all the windows with its evergreen leaves. Thus, the mansion is now known as the "House with the Ivied Shutters."

An Encounter with a Leopard

Gerald Gomes '31

EARLY one morning when the first peep of dawn was appearing in the east, Jim Tanners and his younger brother Joe set out on horseback to the outskirts of the Kalahari Desert to repair the gate of one of their sheep kraals, or corrals.

Each kraal is inclosed by stone walls, eight feet high. The top is covered with rows of sharp iron spikes to prevent invasion by wild beasts.

A redoubtable mastiff, weighing about seventy pounds, accompanied the two brothers. Jim carried a rifle; Joe had an ax for emergency. Both of them were tall men of remarkable physique.

In due time Jim and Joe arrived at the gate. A few hours of efficient handicraft with the ax, and the gate was repaired. After some puffs at their pipes, the two began to ride home at an easy trot. They had not gone far when suddenly they came across the fresh tracks of a leopard. Jim and Joe determined to

follow them, because large sums were offered for leopard skins by the Government.

The day was beginning to grow intolerably hot, but the two doggedly pursued the leopard-tracks. For more than an hour they followed the leopard's path. Rather abruptly the tracks turned and disappeared into an ant-bear hole. They quickly dismounted from their horses and stealthily approached the cave. Jim took his rifle and fired at two tiny moving objects that sparkled in the gloom of the ant-bear hole. With a loud roar, a leopard madly leapt out into view.

It was a huge beast measuring from nine to ten feet. Its color was a beautiful reddish-yellow with clusters of pitch black spots along the back and sides. Not a blemish marred its brilliant body.

The beast rushed towards the horses, which promptly bolted. The mastiff, which had been barking, raced after the leopard. Both of them rapidly disappeared behind a dune. There followed a succession of roars, yelps, and screams; clouds of yellow sand rose from the scene of battle. Suddenly there followed an uncanny silence. Jim and Joe crawled cautiously up the dune. They peered down and saw to their horror the plucky mastiff reduced to a mangled mass of bloody flesh and bones. The leopard was nowhere in sight. A trail of blood led from the dead dog to some desert shrubs a few yards away. Now the two angered men determined to kill the leopard not merely to sell its hide, but also to avenge their faithful dog. Jim took a deliberate aim and fired into the bushes. A piercing shriek rent the air; the leopard sprang out, pawing the ground and glaring at the men. A second shot from Jim cracked the jaws of the ferocious wildcat. With more of a snarl than a groan, the beast fell on the sand, apparently stone dead. The two brothers ran toward it. When they got to within five yards, the leopard suddenly seemed to come to life and with a horrible cry it sprang on Joe. He was completely taken by surprise. With his left hand warding off instinctively the terrible claws that came uncomfortably near his face, he struck blindly at the hideous head of the leopard with his ax. There was a sharp crack; the beast reeled, rolled over on the sand and lay still.

Joe stood motionless with his dripping ax, staring blankly at the carcass. His clothes about the breast was ripped into shreds. Blood trickled down his left cheek in long rivulets. Jim, who had been too dazed for action, hastened to his brother. Speechless, they both looked at each other, then at the dead leopard; and heedless of the burning sand, they sat down heaving a sigh of relief.

A Japanese Garden

William R. Mayers '31

LAST Sunday evening, after having read Mr. Sakamoto's kind invitation to his birthday party, I hurriedly boarded a "fifty-sen" taxi. In due time the car pulled up before my friend's stately home. My host welcomed me profusely, and led me first to his sumptuous table, and then to the numerous entertainments that were in full fling.

It was quite dark when Mr. Sakamoto and I managed at last to escape into his delightful, little garden. It was a typical, illuminated, Japanese *niwa,* having its many wooden and stone ornaments, which would look crowded and shapelessly massed were it not for the systematical plan providing for the harmony between their shapes and their situations.

To enter the *niwa,* we had to pass under a beautifully-carved beam supported by two crimson poles. This sort of entrance is renowned far and wide in Japan, and bears the famous name of *torii.* From the *torii* we followed a white-pebbled footpath which wound southward. On each side of this footpath there stood *ishidoro,* or chiseled stone structures which have cavities to hold thick candles. My host had previously ordered his servants to light the candles, and each *ishidoro* shined like a miniature lighthouse.

A little stroll along this "Alley of Light" brought us to a pond, spanned by an arched bridge, or *soribashi.* After having clattered up the gentle slope of this *soribashi,* we rested to gaze at the motionless water stretched beneath us. I saw goldfishes with enormous bellies come to the surface, their multicoloured scales brightly reflecting the gleams from the *ishidoro.*

On the other side of the pond, the path gradually ascended a mound. A summer-house, called *azumaya,* ablaze with Japanese lanterns or *chochin,* crowned the summit. Here, we sat on a solid oaken bench. From our point of vantage we could see perfectly the entire, illuminated *niwa*; the historic *torii,* the footpath flanked with "stone light-bearers," the goldfish pond with its *soribashi.* A stout wire, the extremities of which were fastened to the *torii* and our resting-hut, was stretched taut. The purpose of the wire was to serve as an anchorage for numerous paper lanterns of different colours, suspended over the *niwa.*

Indeed the Japanese may justly be proud of their gardens, thought I as I bade my kind guest farewell.

The Old Man's Medal

George J. Walker '31

IN quest of material for an interesting story, I was walking idly the other day along the harbor. For a time, I was very much disappointed in my search because no good ideas came to my mind. Suddenly, my eye was arrested by an old shack. The outer appearance of this hut betokened great dilapidation. I noticed that the house was shaped like a ship; a rusty chimney protruding from an elevation on the roof and numerous round windows, having the appearance of portholes made in the wall. "Here must be some material for stories," I thought and giving way to the inquisitive feelings that suddenly arose within me, I determined to find out who lived in such a queer house.

I knocked tremulously at the door, but I received no answer. I knocked again, a little harder this time, and a feeble voice bade me to enter. I found myself in a small room which was very unique. Numerous beams of light that shot forth from the portholes of the house brightly illuminated the dark interior. Everything related to ships: on the walls were several models and paintings of warships and also a few old pistols; on a shelf, near a small fireplace was a queer, well-polished medal that excited my curiosity on seeing the inscription: "A token of thanks from grateful friends"; on the floor were coils of rope, neatly wound in seaman's fashion; on an old sea chest lay numerous odds and ends that I guessed to have been parts of boats; and in one dark corner lay a rusty anchor. Everything was kept very tidy and clean. In another dark recess, I noticed a huge arm-chair and on closer inspection, I found an old man lying in it. As I came forward, the old man began to get up but I motioned him to sit down again. He slowly obeyed and as he did so, I looked at his face. His face was weather-beaten; a cruel scar stretched from his right ear to his upper lip. I at once guessed that he had been a seaman; and moreover his look of promptness and authority told that he had been an ex-officer in the navy. He looked straight at me and demanded what I wanted. On hearing of my search for a story, the straight, domineering look relaxed and was replaced by a kind and obliging countenance. I thought to myself that I had found the right person. For a time, he buried his head in his rough arms and then said: "Well, sir, do you see that medal on the shelf? I will tell you a story about it."

"It was in the spring of the 26th year of Meiji that the Japanese training-ship "Chitose" dropped anchor in the harbor of Sydney, Australia. As you know, the Japanese navy at that time was exceedingly small and there were even people in the world who scarcely knew who the Japanese were. When the sailors of the "Chitose" landed at Sidney, the citizens greeted them with hostile looks and some went so far as to say: "'What are those yellow-faced Japs in that old tub doing here?" Whenever the sailors bought things at the stores, they were charged double the price and wherever they went, the people dogged them jeeringly."

Here the old man's face reddened and an angry flash appeared in his eyes. Probably to calm his nerves, he took a heavy puff at his pipe.

"Well, the commander of the ship tried his best to cool the resentment of his men. One day, there occurred a boat-race in the harbour and numerous jolly-boats, crowded with laughing lads, came bobbing merrily on the waves. There were also several spectator's boats and some of these were filled with young girls from the ages of seven to ten who had come from a nearby kindergarten for the holiday. In the excitement of the races, the people forgot that it was becoming late in the afternoon and that the sun was about to set. Suddenly the sky darkened and an unexpected gale arose. Soon huge waves began to wash the deck of the "Chitose." The boats of the participants immediately started for the shore. However, some of the spectators were not so fast and one boat, which was packed with little girls capsized. The shrieks of the little girls mingled with the angry voices of the teachers and the roar of the waves. The man on the "Chitose" became aware that something had happened and they flashed their search-light in the direction of the cries for help. It was a terrible sight. Twenty-three helpless children were being cruelly tossed about by the waves. The shore was at so great a distance, that there was no possibility of help from that quarter. Some of the ships in the harbour were lowering their boats but these were so far away that they would not be able to come in time to save the little girls from drowning; and besides what could a small boat do in such a gale. The "Chitose" was the ship nearest to the scene of the accident but what care could these foreign Japanese sailors have for the Australian children. "Quick, men, to the rescue!" cried Captain Oishi of the "Chitose." The Japanese sailors had already taken off their heavy jackets and boots, and led by Captain Oishi, they jumped from the high deck into the raging ocean. After battling against the towering waves and the swift current, the men finally reached the drowning children and rescued most of the twenty-three."

"Well, the newspapers carried full details of this act of bravery and, needless to say, the citizens of Sydney changed their attitude towards the sailors. The men, however, did not get proud over what they had done, rather were they very shy when invited to the City Hall the next day. After a speech of sincere thanks by the mayor of Sydney, the doors suddenly burst open and in trooped the little girls whom the men had saved. These children approched the men and presented to each a bouquet and a medal in remembrance of the noble deed."

I kept silent at the close of this touching story and after a while I asked, "Is this Captain Oishi still living?"

"Yes," said the old sailor smilingly, "he is still alive and well. He sits in front of you. I am Captain Oishi."

"You?" I exclaimed, astounded at this startling revelation.

"Certainly," said the old officer, "and that medal you see on the shelf in the one that the little girls gave me"; and as he said this, he pointed to the medal that had attracted my attention when I entered the house.

A Glimpse of the Old Caucasus

By Geo. A. Beckman '31

AMONG the snow-clad Caucasian mountains dwells a strange race—proud of traditions, hateful of intrusions, and ever ready for vengeance—the Cherkesses.

Few realize the influence the Koran had exercised over these simple people. Their lives were spent in worshipping Allah and fighting Russians. Work was left to women and prisoners of war. Men considered it degrading to take a spade and till the soil, or to take a staff and shepherd flocks. The elder men trained the boys to ride well, to shoot straight, and to pray. Women were not allowed to worship together with men—not even with boys. Even the poorest considered it degrading to work for a living.

Although the peasants were extremely poor, every man possessed a horse, a steel sword, and a silver dagger. Without these a Cherkess would have ranked even below a woman. The horse was the most valued of the fighter's possessions since the man would more willingly part with his "sakla" (house) than with his faithful stallion.

Before the Trans-Caucasus were conquered, highway robbery had been considered quite legitimate. Brigandage, fighting, and hunting made up a Cherkess' regular "work." The little spare time left to the fighter after this "work," he usually spent in discussing with his comrades the salient episodes of his varied experience. On such occasions, only those were allowed to be present who had distinguished themselves on the battle-field.

As the men spent little of their time indoors, "sakla" was exceedingly dirty. It consisted of two large rooms, one serving as a stall, the other as a common living-room for the entire family. In the middle of the latter there was a never-to-be-extinguished fire, the smoke escaping through a square opening in the roof. This opening was the only window of the "sakla." The children, however, did not lack fresh air, since the roofs were flat, and covered with carpets so as to serve as verandahs.

There were few feasts in the Cherkess's life, but the biggest was his wedding. For this occasion several "auls" (villages) would assemble for almost a week. No matter how poor the bride-groom might have been, the celebration had to be such as to accommodate nearly a hundred persons. However, the problem was not such a hard one as would appear at first—the betrothed having been literally showered with presents.

The ceremony would begin with a formal prayer for the welfare of the youth and his bride. Then "mulla" (Mohamedan priest) would unite the two, and offer them an apple to eat. The fruit would solemnly be bitten by the bride and the groom, whilst everyone else would sit in perfect silence then feasting would begin. Under low and mournful music from "zurna," young men anu maidens would come out and sing the traditional songs. This would last the whole evening; the other guests would partake freely, in the meantime, of wines and sweets. The next night was devoted to dances. Usually professional dancers who had made their livelihood by performing at such feasts, would participate in these celebrations. On the third night, the men exhibited their martial skill; here the next wedding was often arranged. The next morning, the guests would depart. It was a happy wedding if the solemnity proceeded as described. Often, however, the feast would be marred by bloodshed since the Cherkess is exceptionally quick to draw his dagger, especially when intoxicated.

When blood is drawn, it must be avenged,—so says Koran. Often the revenge is an affair of centuries, particularly if the head of a family might have been killed during the feud: such an atrocity demanded the murder of all the relatives of the killer. And the opposite side, too, was ready to extinguish the entire family of the enemy. A perennial feud would thus have begun; and this, in turn, often developed into a war between two auls.

So lived the Cherkesses before the Russians conquered them. They were savages but they were free. They are still free, as one of the independent republics of the Soviet Union. Now a traveller would scarcely recognize the former "terrors" of the mountains. He still sees a proud race, but a race that is rapidly progressing, and a race that is working for the welfare of the entire Union. The Cherkesses were ashamed of work; now they are proud of it.

THE BRIGHT SIDE

Keep smiling though the skies are grey

And look upon the bright side;

But if no bright side you can see

Then polish up the dark side.

Selected.

FRANCAIS

Une Médaille bien méritée

William R. Mayers '31

C'était par une nuit sombre de juin. La maison de Masao Futamatsu était plongée dans un profond silence. Sa femme Iuki priait devant son *hotokesama* (parents morts) pendant que les rayons de la lune vaporeuse filtraient comme des spectres dans la maison silencieuse.

Bang—bang—bang!

Avec un terrible fracas la porte fermée à clef était enfoncée. La révélation effrayante qu'un voleur était entré dans sa maison se présenta tout de suite à l'esprit d'Iuki. Elle avait d'ailleurs toujours peur parce que la maison était isolée et à plus de deux kilomètres du commissariat de police le plus près, et à plus de cinq cent mètres de la chaumière la plus proche. Des voleurs pouvaient cambrioler si facilement la maison sans crainte d'être découverts! Mais ce qui était pis, cette nuit-là son mari était allé en soirée, et qu'il ne reviendrait pas avant une heure. Probablement le voleur savait cela, et en avait profité.

Elle réfléchit rapidement en cherchant quelque moyen de tromper le voleur. Une bonne idée la frappa subitement. Elle se glissa vers le trou du *shoji* (porte de papier) et regarda en bas. Un géant masqué s'emparait de quelques habits coûteux renfermés dans un *korii* (tronc de rotin).

"Oh, mon cher mari," cria-t-elle à ferme et haute voix, "As-tu eu de la chance cette nuit avec ton métier? Dans la dépression commerciale actuelle, il n'y a guère moyen de débarrasser quelqu'un d'une somme de monnaie assez considérable."

Elle vit le voleur laisser tomber les habits avec un étonnement muet en marchant lentement dans la direction du *shoji*. Iuki revint à son coussin.

Le voleur rentra de nouveau dans la chambre un moment après. Il avait enlevé son masque.

"Je ne suis pas votre mari, madame," dit-il avec de grands sentiments de pénitence. "Je suis un voleur, comme votre mari. Mais le droit coutumier est que jamais un voleur ne doit cambrioler la maison d'un autre voleur. Ainsi je rapporte tout ce que je me préparais à emporter."

"Mon cher monsieur, dit Iuki, vous devez avoir faim, car vous avez commencé par emballer les premières choses que vous avez saisies."

"Oui, madame, j'avais terriblement faim......"

"Bon, je vous donnerai bientôt un peu à manger."

Elle courut à la cuisine et apporta du riz, du poisson, et du *saké* (vin de riz). Le voleur parut plus altéré qu'affamé. Bientôt il commença à chanter et un peu plus tard il fut ivre-mort.

Iuki attendit patiemment le retour de son mari. Sa patience fut finalement récompensée. Son mari revint.

"Mon cher mari, cria-t-elle nous avons cette nuit un visiteur. C'est un compagnon de métier."

Elle lança à son mari un regard qui lui en dit plus long que tous les volumes d'une bibliothèque.

Le mari comprit en un instant ce qui s'était passé et se jeta sur le voleur. Le voleur lié comme une saucisse fut traîné vers le commissariat de police.

Le peuple bientôt apprit le courage et l'intelligence d'Iuki. Le Comité de la Prospérité publique lui décerna une médaille d'or— médaille qu'elle avait bien meritée.

L'Empereur Magnanime

A. Otani '31

Au milieu d'une île du Rhin, près de l'ancienne ville de Heppenheim, sont dispersées çà et là les ruines de l'Abbaye Bénédictine de Lorch. Cette abbaye fut fondée par Pépin le Bref, père de Charlemagne, Roi des Francs. Cette grandiose abbaye y prospéra pendant plusieurs siècles jusqu'aux horribles dévastations de la Guerre de Trente Ans qui ruinèrent beaucoup d'églises et de cloîtres. Une histoire intéressante se rattache à ces ruines.

Une fois, Charles le Grand, au cours d'un de ses, fréquents voyages à travers les pays qui bordent le Rhin vint à Lorch. Le vieux souverain fut reçu en grande pompe par l'abbé et sa communauté. Etant fatigué, l'Empereur se mit au lit de bonne heure, mais les ennuis de son empire chassaient le sommeil de ses paupières. Comme il lui était impossible de dormir, il se leva et alla dans la chapelle intérieure, attachée au cloître, pour calmer son cœur dans la prière. Pensant qu'il était seul, il se mit à genoux près de l'autel et resta là quelque temps.

Quand il fut sur le point de partir, il vit, à sa grande surprise qu'il n'était pas seul. Un grand moine aux cheveux gris était agenouillé derrière lui, apparemment absorbé dans une profonde méditation, auprès d'un jeune homme. L'Empereur attendit patiemment la fin des dévotions du moine. Charlemagne se rendit compte alors que l'homme était aveugle et que le jeune homme était son guide.

Le lendemain l'Empereur conta à l'abbé l'aventure de la veille et demanda le nom de ce moine. Le seul renseignement qu'il obtint fut le suivant : ce moine appelé Berbardus vient d'un cloître éloigné.—Poussé par la curiosité et plein de sympathie l'Empereur désira être conduit dans la cellule de ce moine étranger et aveugle.

Quand il fut face à face avec le vieillard, l'Empereur changea de couleur. Ce grand homme dont la figure portait les traces de douleur et de chagrin, avait une fois porté une couronne de prince. Quand Charlemagne détrôna son beau-père, ce personnage se souleva pour le soutenir, c'est pourquoi il fut emprisonné mais bientôt après gracié.

Quelque temps après cet homme complota de nouveau contre l'Empereur et fut emprisonné dans un cloître pour le reste de sa vie. Ce moine était Thassilo, duc de Bavière !

Ainsi le maître féodal et son vassal se rencontrèrent encore, le vainqueur et le vaincu, les deux couverts de cheveux gris. Le vieillard privé de la vue, ne reconnut pas celui qui s'adressa à lui.

" Mon frère, dit Charles, en prenant la main du moine, Celui qui parle maintenant était, une fois, votre plus grand ennemi. Nos cheveux sont gris, et les ressentiments du maître féodal contre son imprudent vassal ont disparu à jamais. Charlemagne est ici devant vous prêt à pardonner et à oublier le passé."

Accablé par l'émotion le moine se jeta aux pieds de l'Empereur en criant d'une voix triste.

" Mon Roi et mon Souverain, j'avais péché gravement contre Dieu et vous, mais j'ai pris la résolution de faire le bien. Quand j'entendis que vous étiez dans cette abbaye, j'allai pendant la nuit près de l'autel prier le Ciel de me pardonner ma conduite passée et maintenant je vous demande votre grâce à vous ; c'est là mon dernier souhait."

Le moine rempli de joie s'évanouit et tomba par terre. Charlemagne aida à le relever et ordonna que son ennemi d'autrefois fût bien traité.

Le lendemain l'Empereur, voulant voir Thassilo avant de partir de Lorch, vint à la cellule du moine, mais l'Abbé lui dit que le moine avait expiré pendant la nuit précédente !

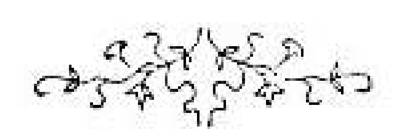
Le Drapeau National du Japon

Geo. J. Walker '31

Depuis un temps immémorial, plusieurs drapeaux de " daimyos " avaient porté l'image du soleil rouge sur un fond blanc. Le rouge signifiait le zèle et la sincérité ; le blanc, la pureté et la paix ; le cercle du soleil exprimait l'idée d'unité et la limite de la perfection. Pourquoi ces " daimyos " ont-ils adopté un drapeau si simple et pourquoi leurs ancêtres ont-ils appelé le Japon non pas " Nippon," mais " Le Pays du Soleil-Levant." ? Personne ne le sait. Peut-être est-ce parce que le Japon est l'un des premiers pays à recevoir les rayons brillants du soleil levant.

Le Japon, comme les autres pays, arbora son drapeau national sur ses vaisseaux. A l'époque de l'arrivée du Commodore Perry, il n'y avait aucun drapeau spécial pour distinguer les bateaux japonais. Chaque " daimyo " avait ses propres emblèmes. Ce manque d'unité causa beaucoup d'ennui aux étrangers ainsi qu'aux Japonais eux-mêmes. Les " daimyos " se sont alors, réunis pour choisir le meilleur drapeau qui conviendrait au Japon. Le " daimyo " de Kagoshima, Nariyaki Shimazu, leur donna l'idée du drapeau avec le Soleil-Levant. Cependant ce drapeau n'était pas encore approuvé par le gouvernement au commencement de la troisième année de Meiji, 27 janvier 1870.

Le 12 septembre de la même année un incident notable contribua beaucoup à l' établissement de ce drapeau. Le premier train, ou " bateau à vapeur de la terre comme il était appelé en ces temps, était sur le point d'aller de Tokio à Yokohama. Une cérémonie solennelle marqua ces fêtes. Au milieu des applaudissements et des " banzais " de son peuple, le fameux empereur Meiji monta dans le train. A Yokohama, le peuple s'empressa d'aller recevoir son souverain bien-aimé. Chacun fabriqua en grande hâte un drapeau blanc avec au milieu un Soleil-Levant. Quand l'empereur bienveillant arriva à Yokohama, il fut salué par des milliers de drapeaux. Le drapeau national était trouvé et adopté.





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G. Walker   G. Beckman   A. Otani

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College Chronicle

Edited by James Sawai

Vol. X, No. 2 July, 1931 Yokohama, Japan

Death of Mr. L. Stolz, Founder of S.J.C.

Mr. Louis Stolz, founder and first director of S.J.C., came to Japan in January, 1888. He was first stationed at the Morning Star School in Tokyo as professor and steward. In 1901 Mr. Stolz opened St. Joseph College in Yokohama. Every beginning is hard; but he boldly met the difficulties. "Perseverance is the road to success" was his motto. He was a model of self-sacrifice, hard work and conscientiousness. Solicitude for the welfare of his pupils was his outstanding virtue. After many years of strenuous labor, his health gave away and he was relieved from the directorship in 1912. He returned to the Morning Star School where he devoted himself to easier work. Here he spent fifteen years more of self-sacrificing labor and at last he retired from active life. The remaining few years of his life were passed in Urakami. Confident of his reward as a faithful servant, he breathed his last March 12, 1931, May he enjoy the glory promised to those who spend their lives doing good!

Rev. N. Walter, Former Chaplain, Departs This Life.

Although at the College for only three years, Rev. Nicholas Walter is well remembered for his energy and his unusual capacity for work. His favorite hobby was the reading of books for which occupation he could never find enough time. He spent the greater part of his forty years in Japan at the Meisei Gakko, Osaka, where he is still fondly remembered. He had a very strong physical constitution: but hard work and short rest undermined his health. He passed away on April 17, 1931. May he reap the reward of his self-sacrificing labors!

New Cinema Projector.

A new Acme portable projector has been purchased by the students of the College as a gift to Mr. Gaschy, the Director. This new projector gives a remarkably clear picture and thereby eliminates all eye fatigue. Already the machine has provided much entertainment for the boys during our Saturday afternoon cinemas.

Mr. Abromitis To Enjoy Trip to America.

The entire student body unites in wishing Mr. William Abromitis a pleasant trip to his native land, U.S.A. After fifteen years in the service of youth here at the College, he is returning to his home to take a short respite. Mr. Abromitis is well known for his proficiency in the artistic and mineralogical lines. Bon voyage!

Mr. Higli Honored by French Government.

On October 1, 1906, Mr. Higli, our first-grade teacher, first came to St. Joseph College. He took over the tremendously difficult task of handling the kiddies. He has laid the foundation of character and knowledge of all the students now present in the College, and of many graduates. He is extremely kind, yet he will never hesitate to spank a youngster who deserves punishment, for he heeds the warning, "Spare the rod and spoil the child."

This year, his 25th in St. Joseph College, his labor has been recognized by the French Government. In recognition of his services he is to be nominated "Officier d'Academie" by the Minister of Public Instruction, of the French Republic on July 1. The entire school offers him a profound "omedeto."

G. Yamada '31

S. Kitano Receives Medal from French Government.

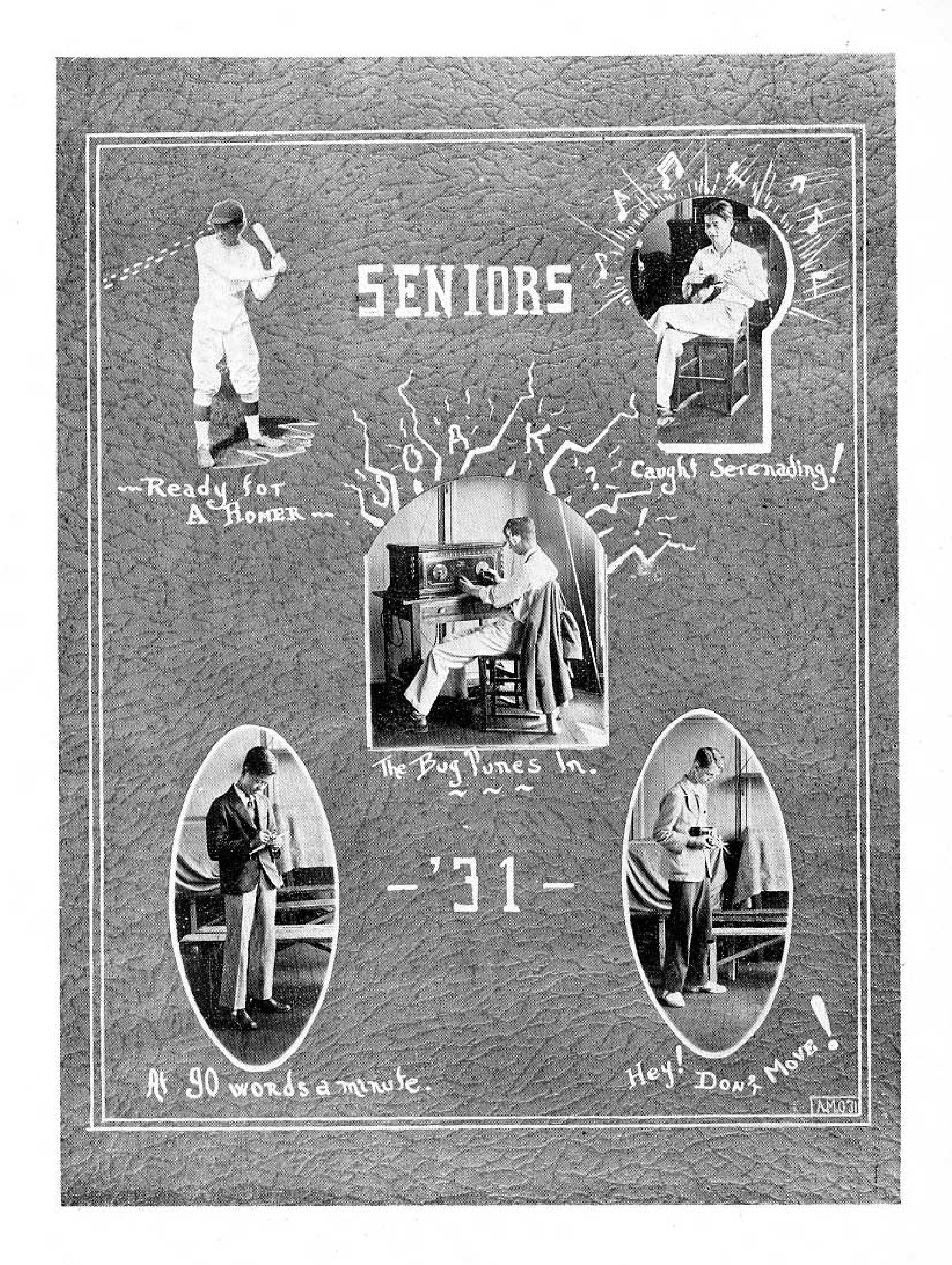
Our sincerest congratulations to Mr. S. Kitano, the College servitor, for the decoration which he has received from the French Government. He has been here since the opening of this College, that is for thirty years, and has ever been a faithful and honest servant. The ceremony took place in the College Hall, on May 13th, attended by M. Bellefont, the French Consul, who bestowed the "Medaille du Merit," and by the whole student body.

G. Yamada '31

School Library.

During the past few years, the school library has been growing steadily. Profiting by its growth, nearly two-thirds of the students have acquired the wonderful habit of reading. This year the librarians have found that the 5th and the 6th grades have been the most enthusiastic readers. Recently new additions in fiction, history and classics have been made. Now the ample collection affords the students opportunity to choose interesting books suitable to their various tastes.

G. Yamada '31



Following Elman's Footsteps

The Microbe & the Microscope

Journey's End. G.G.

Ready for Victory..?

The Orator.



ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

George Yamada '31

K. Kobayashi presented several good records for the Kolster.

T. Palmer presented a set of books for Mr. Higli's boys.

Desclee De Brower & Co., Bruges, Belgium sent us a copy of L'Année Missionnaire,

Mrs. Papendieck donated a fine badger specimen to the Museum.

H. Onishi also presented several specimens of birds and animals to the Museum.

The Franks gave some interesting books for the library.

The Cathedral Latin School, through the kindness of Rev. L. A. Yeske, has contributed 200 yen towards the publication of hymnals for St. Joseph College students.

The Canadian Pacific Railway loaned us several excellent educational films.

The Ford Company has also loaned us some interesting films to be shown to the students.

Mrs. Charlesworth has donated two Ciné-Kodak films taken at the Annual Field Day. They will serve as a very interesting record.

ALUMNI

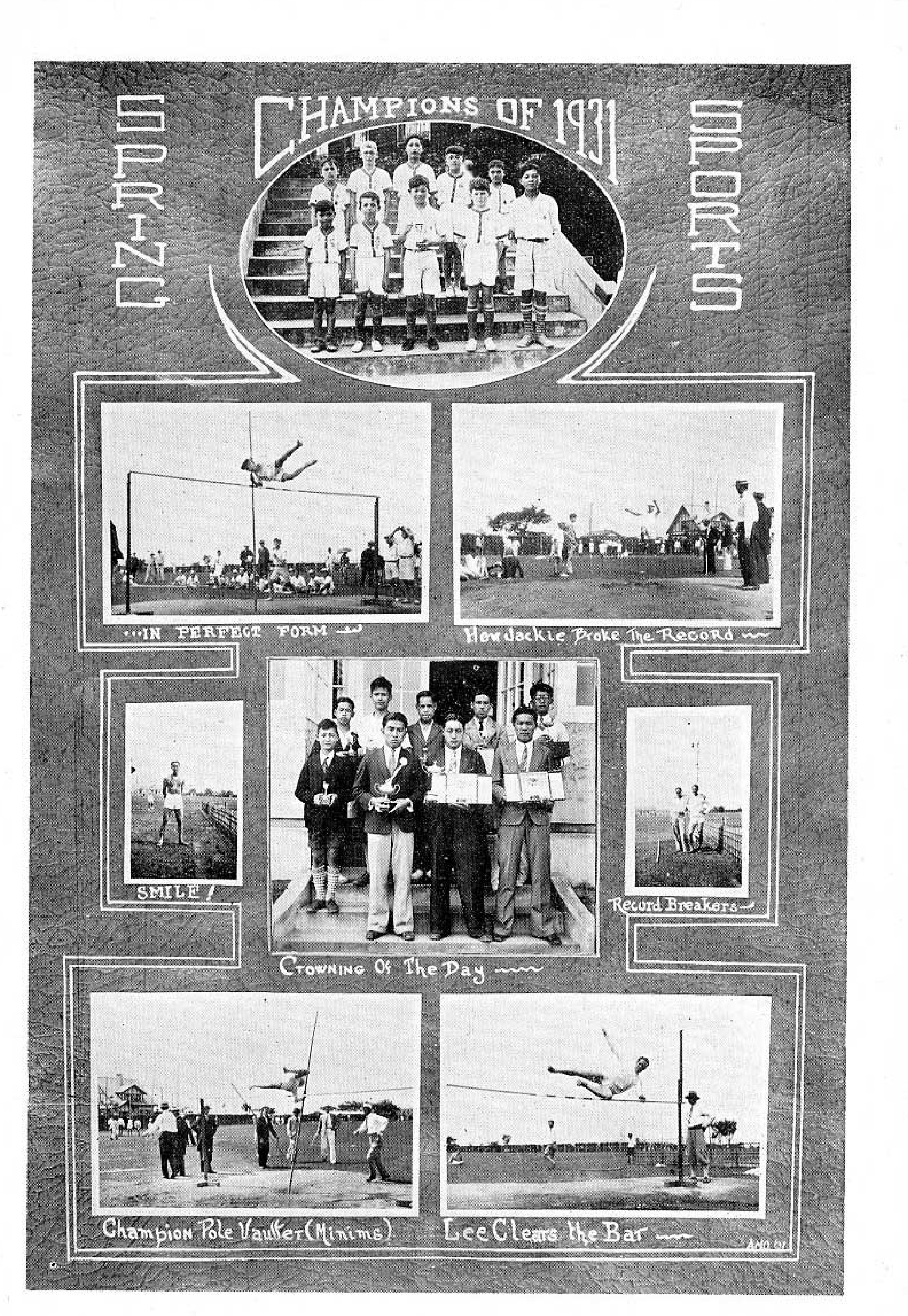
George Yamada '31

Ismaill Akchurin writes from Kobe, reaffirming his loyalty to S.J.C. He mentions that whenever the grads of Kobe get together they find great pleasure in talking about old times at the College. We appreciate this manifestation of school spirit from you, Kobeites!

L. Galstaun, keeps us informed of all the happenings at the U.D. In his last letter he stated that Doctor Wohlleben, who occupies the chair of Chemistry there, praised the S.J.C. boys who had attended the U. for the seriousness they manifested in their studies. We are glad to know that our graduates are striving to live up to the ideals of our Alma Mater.

H. Mason of the Westinghouse Electric Co. of Tokyo has given an added proof of his good-will towards the "Forward" and towards the College. The "Forward" staff thanks you!

We wish to extend our sincerest condolence to the parents of **Lawrence Da Silva,** a former pupil of S.J.C., who died at Shanghai on January 1, 1931. He had been employed by the Japan Advertiser, by the Japan Times and by the China Daily News. May he rest in peace!



ATHLETICS

BREVIS | IUSTUS

Edited by A. Otani.

VOL. X No. 2 S. J. C., July, 1931. REVIEW.

WING LEE SHATTERS 1926 RECORD BY LEAPING 20 ft. 6 in.
JACK EYTON BETTERS 2-YEAR OLD HOP, STEP and JUMP RECORD TO 40 ft. 10 in.

30th Annual Field-Day A Great Success.

Boyd wins dashes.

Our annual Athletic Meeting was held on June 2nd at the Y.C. & A.C. (by kind permission of the Y.C. & A.C.)

We started off with the 100 yds. dash in which Boyd easily took the 1st place followed by Eyton and Leon.

Lee, who is well known as a sharp shooter on the Football Campus, clipped the Broad Jump record, held by S. Dresser for 4 years, to 20 ft. 6 in.

With baseball off his mind for the time, Eyton's success was predicted by all. He was the winner of the Senior division, record breaker of the Hop, Step and Jump and a willing receiver of 4 cups!

The outstanding dash men of the day were: Boyd, Eyton and Leon. Schoene, Mourier and McFarlane starred for weight throwing; Lee, Ishikawa and Eyton for Jumps. The clever "altitude" jumpers were Lee and Boyd.

James Sawai won the 1931 "All-Around-Sport" Cup donated by Mr. Galstaun.

S.J.C. UNDEFEATED THROUGHOUT FOOTBALL SEASON

S.J.C. is always known for its Football team but with Lopez, Turner, Ganin and Company gone, we thought we would lose our noble fame.

Our constant practice from September till late October put us in full trim. We met the Senmon XI, the winners of the Summer Championship of 1930 and we managed to come out victorious with a narrow margin of 2-1.

Our annual game against the Franconia seemed tough but we were again victorious.

The "E. of Australia" also bit the dust.

SOPHOMORES GET CREDIT FOR BASEBALL

Sophs Beat Every Team They Faced.

With Kido as pitcher and Shimizu as catcher, helped along by heavy sluggers like Eyton and McFarlane, the Sophs beat all the teams that dared to face them.

The Seniors proved to be heavy hitters but several costly errors placed them in the "second file."

The Freshies had also a "hitting team" but earned a few runs only, due to the scattered hits.

The Juniors played but two games so we cannot judge their ability in this sport.

The smaller boys, too, enjoyed baseball. On June 8th, Fernandes' team walloped Min Foo's IX, though Thomas cracked two homers with two men on base each time. We expect Thomas to follow in Babe's footsteps.

JUNIOR CAGERS BEST IN COLLEGE

Down Seniors, 14-6, 16-14 and 32-6.

SENIORS TAKE 2ND PLACE

The sharp-shooters of the Junior quintet were victorious this year. The Seniors took the 2nd place by defeating the Sophs 28-19 and 50-12.

There were several other minor inter-class games which were held every day after class on the College outdoor court.

S. J. C. TRACKMEN CAPTURE RELAY TO WIN 47-46 FROM AMERICAN SCHOOL

On Thursday May 14th a track meet was held against the American School for the first time in S.J.C. history.

Our team was behind 44-46 just before the relay, but Boyd, our champion dasher, cut the tape to beat the American School 47-46. A good win indeed!

W. BLAMEY WINS COTTE CUP IN MINIMS' FIELD DAY GETS 88 POINTS TO HIS CREDIT.

Moir establishes Junior Pole Vault Record

The little boys too, enjoyed a perfect day, June 2nd. Several records were made by the Future Champions of the College. Among the competitors, William Blamey won the Cotte's Cup, given to the boy with most points.

Moir established the Junior Pole Vault record by jumping 6 ft. 10 in.

The following are the results of the day:

1919	1st Min Foo	58	pts.
	2nd Fernandes	56	"
1920	1st W. Blamey	88	"
	2nd G. Thomas	62	"
1921	1st Y. Sisikin	82	"
	2nd K. Hill	58	"
1923	1st R. Bartolome	62	"
	2nd B. Korinev	60	"
1924	1st J. Walker	78	"
	2nd W. Gutierrez	52	"

FOOTBALL REVIEW

1931

Though the Football XI of S.J.C. met their foes fives times only, they were able to win four times and draw once. They were able to guard their fame by having:—

J. G. Hasegawa, (goal keeper) an experienced, skillful custodian who allowed but four goals to enter our net during the whole season.

J. K. Sawai, (fullback and captain) a player of the first order with "hefty" kicks, who defended the "danger line" for several years.

F. Mourier, (fullback) an ever-faithful guard who never failed to turn up whenever we needed him.

W. R. Mayers, (right-half) a "generous feeder" to the forward line with accurate passes.

H. Schoene, (center-half) a muscular, fighting, spirited player who never hesitated to get the ball.

Ch. Boyd, (left-half) whose quikness and ever-readiness, placed him in the First Eleven of the College team.

I. Kondo, (right-wing) a swift wing who knows how to center the ball which will result in a well earned goal.

A. Arai, (right-inside) a player who always sacrifices his chances to let his comrades score,—a good sport!

W. Lee, (center-forward) A sure scorer who nets every time a fair chance is offered to him,—he never takes a penalty!

W. Clarke, (left-inside) a small but sly team-mate, who confounds the enemies, and often places the pill smartly in the net.

M. Leon, (left-wing) a "lightning player," the spectators call him, and so he always proved to be.

1930-1931 FOOTBALL RESULTS

Played on:

Oct. 25, 1930	2	St. Joseph's	Senmon	1
Nov. 1, 1930	8	"	Rising Sun	0
Nov. 23, 1930	1	"	Gyosei	1
Mar. 12, 1931	2	"	E. of Austrailia.	0
Apr. 23, 1931	5	"	Franconia	2

Played: 5 games. Won: 4, Lost: 0, Draw: 1.
Points, for: 18, against: 4.

TRACK AND FIELD RESULTS

1 9 3 1

			2nd	3rd	TIME
100 yds.	SENIORS	C. Boyd	Eyton	Leon	10.5
	1 JUNIORS	Ishikawa	Wong	McFarlane	by
	2 „	Tan	Zagidullin	Tipolt	Boyd.
	3 „	Zagidullin	Grossmann	Kan	
220 yds.	SENIORS	Boyd	Lee	Schoene	
	1 JUNIORS	Ishikawa	Blamey	Wong	24.6
	2 „	Zagidullin	Tipolt	Pohl	by
	3 „	Bryden	Tompkinson	Salter	Boyd.
440 yds.	SENIORS	Schoene	Boyd	Eyton	
	1 JUNIORS	Ishikawa	Blamey	Serge	58.25
	2 „	Pohl	Tipolt	Zadidullin	by
	3 „	Salter	De Graw	Grossmann	Schoene
880 yds.	SENIORS	Schoene	Mourier	Eyton	
	1 JUNIORS	Clarke	Blamey	Vanchurin	2 min 46 sec
	2 „	Mason	Rocha	Pohl	by
	3 „	—	——	——	Schoene
1 mile	SENIORS	Schoene	Mourier	Hay	
	1 JUNIORS	Blamey	Ishikawa	Sisikin	5 min 51 sec.
	2 „	Mason	Russell	Kornilzeff	by
	3 „	Salter	Tompkinson	Bryden	Schoene
					DISTANCE
Broad Jump	SENIORS	Lee	Eyton	Omori	20 ft. 6 in.
	1 JUNIORS	Ishikawa	Vanchurin	Blamey	(New Record)
	2 „	Tan	Tipolt	Zagidullin	by
	3 „	De Graw	Kan	Kaneko	Lee.
Shot Put	SENIORS	Eyton	Mourier	Schoene	32 ft. 9 in.
	1 JUNIORS	Dewitt	MacFarlane	Sisikin	by
	2 „	Tipolt	Kornilzeff	Harris	Eyton.
	3 „	Salter	Bryden	Kan	
Hop, Step and Jump	SENIORS	Eyton	Lee	Schoene	40 ft. 10 in.
	1 JUNIORS	Ishikawa	Blamey	Wong	(New Record)
	2 „	Tan	Tamura	Tipolt	by
	3 „	Grossmann	De Graw	Tompkinson	Eyton
					HEIGHT
Pole Vault	SENIORS	Eyton	Arai	Sawai	9 ft. 3 in.
	1 JUNIORS	Blamey	Ishikawa	Sisikin	by
	2 „	Tan	Tamura	Mason	Eyton
High Jump	SENIORS	Lee	Boyd	Eyton	5 ft. 6½ in.
	1 JUNIORS	Serge	Vanchurin	Blamey	by
	2 „	Tan	Pohl	Zagidullin	Lee
	3 „	De Graw	Bryden	Grossmann	

THE WINNERS OF 1931 FIELD DAY

SENIORS

1st J. Eyton	43 pts.
2nd W. Lee	31 „
3rd H. Schoene	30 „

1st JUNIORS

1st Ishikawa	46 pts.
2nd P. Blamey	44 „
3rd L. Wong	21 „

2nd JUNOIRS

1st J. Tan	34 pts.
2nd W. Tipolt	31 „
3rd K. Zagidullin ...	28 „

3rd JUNIORS

1st H. Grossmann ...	27 pts.
2nd H. Bryden	26 „
3rd C. DeGraw	25 „

COLLEGE HUMOR

George A. Beckman

Teacher: How did Bellefontaine know that Lajeuneuse was coming?

Bright Bill: By the beating of Evangeline's heart.

✤ ✤

Teacher: Here is a problem for you, boys. A boat's speed is ten miles per hour, and the speed of the current two miles. If the boat is going down the stream, what is its speed?

"B—": Please Sir, is the current flowing up or down the stream? (And he wondered why we laughed.)

✤ ✤

Teacher: The boat's speed is fifteen miles. In quiet waters it can make but fourteen miles. Is there a current flowing?

Boy, who had just heard that there is electricity: Touch the plus and minus poles, and you will know.

✤ ✤

Dick had just celebrated his sixteenth birthday. This is the longest case on record of a man living without a brain.

✤ ✤

"C—," as the phonograph ground out the last notes of the latest thing in jazz: Oh boy! Did you ever hear anything so perfectly wonderful?

"K—": No, but I heard something which almost approached this harmony, when I witnessed a collision between a truck load of empty milk cans and a big freight car filled with one hundred nervous chickens.

✤ ✤

"Yam," defending the advantages of boarders' life: In the morning, borders can easily overlook their lessons, whilst day-scholars are deprived of this privilege.

And he wondered why the teacher told "Bech" to get out his note-book.

Oh boy! Did you notice how "Hage" parts his hair? There is surely a fine alley in that block.

✣ ✣

When asked where is the Canadian border, "Smart" replied that "Potato King" was in the yard.

✣ ✣

We know a boy who should sleep well—he lies so easily.

✣ ✣

He: I just broke a bone.
Him: Gee! It must have hurt.
He: It did. I've only ten sen left.

✣ ✣

It is a lucky thing that Sinclair did not accuse Tunney of robbing passages from a book.

✣ ✣

Shiek: I was wounded in the war.
Buddy: Where were you shot?
Shiek: In the neck.
Buddy: Tell me another! There was no such battle.

✣ ✣

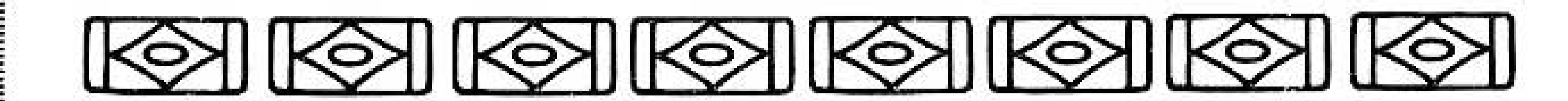
Doc: The baseball fever seems almost contagious, doesn't it?

Hoss: Yes; see that fellow behind home plate? Even his job is catching.



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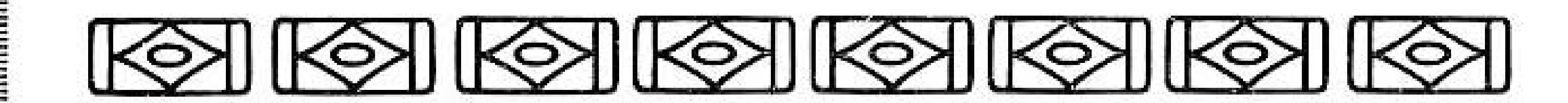
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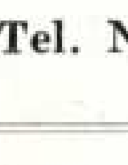


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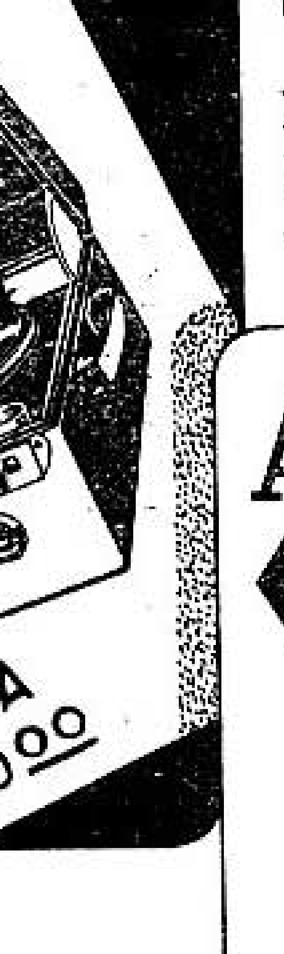


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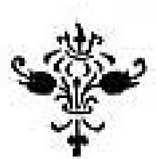
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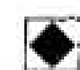


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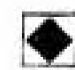
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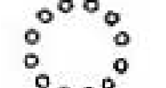
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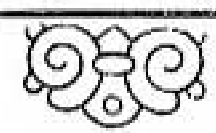
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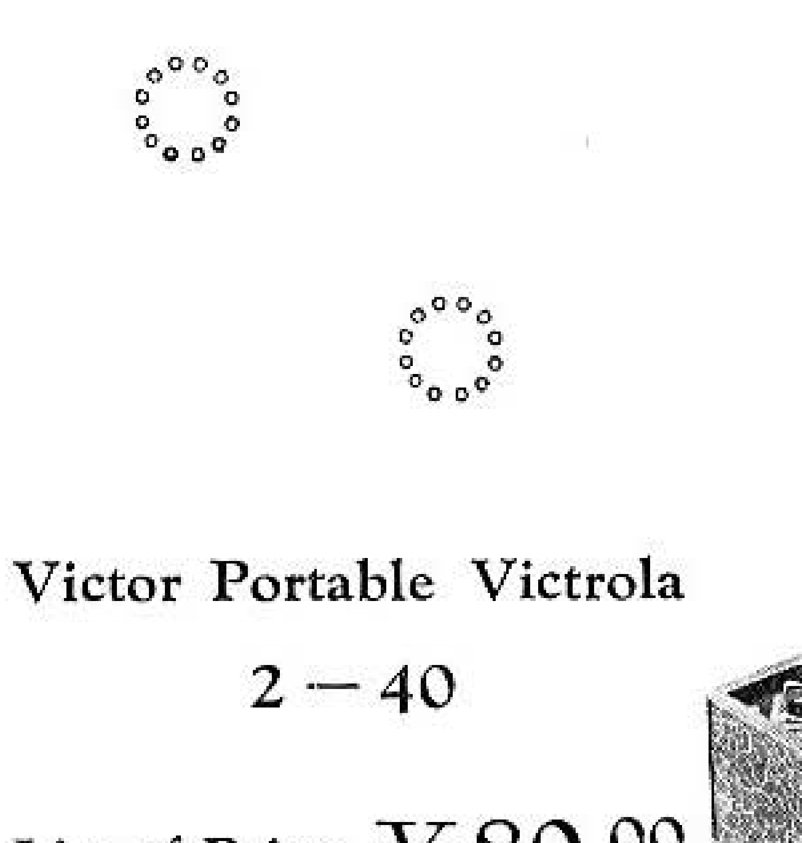
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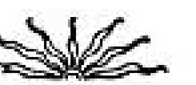
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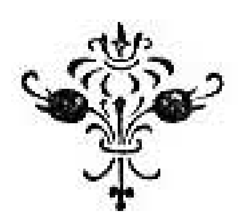


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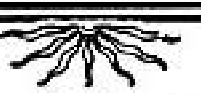
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Autographs

昭和六年六月二十五日印刷
昭和六年六月二十七日發行

Editor & Publisher
編輯者兼發行者

Aloysius M. Soden
アロイシユス、エム、ソーデン

K. Onoe
31, Aioi-cho Nichome, Yokohama

橫濱市中區相生町二丁目三十一番地

Printer
印刷者

尾　上　勝　三

Onoe Printing Office
31, Aioi-cho Nichome, Yokohama
Tel. No. 2 – 5938

橫濱市中區相生町二丁目三十一番地

Printing Office
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電話本局②五九三八番

橫濱市中區山手町八十五番地

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